And first surprised, I scarcely knew
A word to greet the stranger face;
There crept a numbing shadow through
The brightness of my dwelling place.
So dumb her lipa, so veiled her eyes,
So chill the hand in mine she laid,
The surphine straight from the she The sunshine vanished from the skies, And in the cloud I knelt, afraid.

But sorrow stayed, until I heard, In that bushed silence round her drawn,
Voices more sweet than song of bird,
The tender tones of loved ones gone.
And floating from the silvern shore,
Whereon the ransomed walk serene,
Came wafts of fragrance blown before
The angels as they hither lean.

Then, swift transfigured, sorrow turned. Her look was wonderful to see; My very soul within me burned, Love in sorrow died for me And Love appoints my sorrow still,
And sacramental cups are poured
Where I and sorrow, if God will,
Meet and hold tryst with my dear Lord.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Congregation

# An Army Wife.

#### BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyrighted, 1806, by F. Tennyson Neely.] SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.-Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Grafton

widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to discuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs.

Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.
Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.
Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.
Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. Mc-

prearly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. Mc-Lane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow or an any

chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested Chicago, Your unple stricker.

rested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—par-alysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty. Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X .- Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to ex-plain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's ward. Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been pre-

Chapter XI.-Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in fight with greasers. Chapter XII.—Florence, in her deep dis-

appointment, leaves her home in the night for her father's house at the cantonment. Grafton next morning learns of Florence's

dight.
Chapter XIII.—Meantime rioting strikers at Cimarron Junction had got wind of the coming of troops and had sought to block the way by wrecking a freight caboose in Calamos Gorge. Everyone knew trouble would end the moment the Riflers got to the scene of the strike, but what might happen in the meantime?

# CHAPTER XIII.-CONTINUED.

Something had happened. On one of the passenger trains blockaded beyond Cimarron was a Chicago lawyer of most active mind and being, a Chicagoan of no little experience with scenes of the kind, and this gentleman had fired message after message to Lieut, Randolph Merriam, at Sedgwick, and finally demanded reason for that officer's si

"What'll I do with this here, sir?" said McGrath, coming finally into the adjutant's office. "There's three messages here for Mr. Merriam, urgent ones, too, and finally the sender asks why he don't reply."

"Say that Mr. Merriam is still away after Mexican murderen and we ex peet him any minute. Ask if any other officer will do? Hello! What's that, orderly?" he broke off, at the sound of hoof beats and excited voices without.

A trooper entered, dust covered and weary, to make his brief report. Capt. Grafton darting in just in time for the

"Lieut. Merriam's wounded, sir, an' his horse killed, and can the doctor go back with me?"

"My God!" thought Grafton ere he spoke aloud. "Is there to be no end to the calamities of this day?" Repressing his own eagerness, he waited in stern self-discipline while the adjutant went quickly into details, as was his business, in striving to learn the extent and nature of Merriam's wounds; then, the colonel being over home, turned for advice to Grafton.

"Only our contract doctor left," he said. "The others are off with the Riflers or in chase." Hurriedly he wrote a few lines to Buxton and then turned to McGrath.

"Tell Capt. Grafton about these mes sages for Mr. Merriam, will you?" said he, "and captain, will you please at-tend to that while I look to Randy's relief? Thank God they didn't kill him," he added as he went noisily out. "What in heaven's name did Buxton expect him to do, anyhow?

"Have you a right to say what is wanted of Mr. Merriam and whom these are from?" asked Grafton of the opera-

"I couldn't say a word, sir, ordi-

narily, but I believe they'll never blame me now. It's a Mr. Edward Parry and he begs Mr. Merriam, who can get through, to come up beyond Cimarron

to him on important business—his train's blockaded by strikers." "Give me a blank," said Grafton, quickly. "I think I partially understand the case," and these were the words that were wired at one o'clock to the eager lawyer on the waiting train:

"Merriam wounded in affair with ban-dits this morning-miles from post. Mrs. McLane is still under my roof. Command my services. "GEORGE GRAFTON, Captain."

Then Grafton followed the trail of the adjutant—went straightway to Buxton, who was taking his noonday siesta and hated to be disturbed at such a time and was crusty, as could be expected. when asked permission by Capt. Grafton to ride out and meet the wounded

officer. He flew into a tantrum.
"My God, sir! No, sir. Am I to scatter my medical staff to the four winds. with Brady and Coreoran past praying for here, and then have my troop leaders scattering too! The Lord only knows what's going to happen before we get through with this day, and now Merriam's shot and otherwise injured, and all on account of those beggarly greasers. No, six! Not another man goes out till we've rounded up those al-

Capt. Grafton turned without a word of remonstrance, with his usual grave salute. From there he went to see that Merriam's home was in readiness, and then to his wife, who read tidings of

new disaster in his troubled eyes.
"Oh, George!" she cried. "Will this dreadful day never end? The servants say Merriam's shot and mortally wounded, and that the Riflers are wrecked at Calamas Gorge-"
"Merriam is shot and not mortally

wounded, dear, and the Riflers refused to be wrecked at Calamas Gorge. Where is Mrs. McLane? Has she heard?"

"Dozing placidly in her room-too much shaken to come downstairs today. Had her coffee and her luncheon in bed, and I gave Annette positive orders to let her know nothing about-Florence, and she hasn't. But presently, when she dresses for the afternoon and comes down and hears about Randy? What then?"

"Still sleeping, is she?" asked Grafton, ignoring for a moment the question as to what might happen when their guest awoke and heard the news. "Yet I think you said she was greatly excited after getting that second dispatch, and had been dreadfully nerv-

"She certainly was for some hours and you know she walked and tossed last night after she came upstairs. Then she seemed to fall into a deep sleep, and Annette said she could hard ly arouse her for her coffee this morn-

Grafton tugged at his mustache and gave himself over to deep thought a few minutes, Mrs. Grafton anxiously watching his face.

"Well," said he, starting up, and, as it were, shaking himself together, "let her have her sleep out. I fancy more news is on the road; I know her lawyer

"Why! Mr. Parry?-her brother-in-

"The very same, Harriet, and his train is sidetracked by strikers miles above Cimarron. There are three dispatches from him for Randy now."

Mrs. Grafton was silent a moment, as she stood by his side looking up into his thoughtful face, as though seeking there the solution of the questions that puzzled her. Then, dusting away with her finger tips some flakes of cigar ashes that clung to the breast of the captain's undress coat, she ventured:

"There are two things I can't understand. If he's her lawyer why he should be wiring to Randy and not to her, and why it is the strikers don't cut the wires if they want to cut off all busi-

His broad, brown hand patted caressingly the taper, white fingers toying about the little toggle of his watch chain, as he looked down into her anxious, upturned face.

"His letters to Fan have been unanswered, and he probably expects her to pay as little attention to his dispatches. As for the wires, they are more necessary to the strikers in their combinations than to anybody else, otherwise they'd have cut them long ago-ah, here comes our messenger now.

And sure enough the orderly trumpeter came trotting up the steps, the usual brown envelope in his hand. Mrs. Grafton eagerly watched her husband as he read. "I thought so,"

said he, looking quietly up. "R that," and handed her the dispatch.

"To Capt. Grafton, Fort Sedgwick: Thanks for your courtesy. Shocked to hear of Merriam's mishap. Mrs. McLane should have met me in Denver three days ago. Must be ready moment road opens. "EDWARD PARRY." Three hours later, just as the ladies

and children began to appear in their fresh afternoon toilets and their baby carriages and nurses were in force along the gravel walk, and the band was as sembling for its daily concert on the parade, a vision of womanly loveliness, albeit garbed in somber black, came smilingly down the stairs at Grafton's and rustling out to shower gracious welcome on the little group of ladies and officers on the front piazza. Some of the men were seated-Whittaker and Minturn notably being nearest the door -others sunning themselves out along the fence, while the ladies occupied their camp-chairs or the steps as best pleased their fancy. Grafton's was al-ways a popular rendezvous on the cavalry side, and to-day the assembly was more numerous than usual, and anybody but Fanny McLane could not have failed to note how deep was the shadow that overspread every face, how somber and mirthless the tenor of the talk. Intent only on charming, she came trip-

was sounding a stable call, and Whittaker murmured with telling effect: You never come now until you know we have to go;" and there was a slow and somewhat reluctant start, the rival subs hanging on to the last. Grafton, usually the promptest of troop leaders vent as far as his gate only and there said in a low tone to his own subaltern: "Tell Col. Buxton I am detained a few minutes on important personal business," and let the group go sauntering out into the sunshine without him. The band was gayly crashing through the spirited measures of the "Liberty Bell." Maj. Freeman, straddling down the row in chase of the troop officers, glanced

up and smiled and waved his hand. The Riflers put a head on that Cimarron strike in short order, didn't they?" said he. "The news has just

come—trains running to-morrow."

Out on the sunlit mesa a mile away a dusty little cortege came slowly, wearily trooping homeward, bearing a wounded officer to the longed-for shelter of his home; and Grafton, with still another of those fateful brown envelopes in his hand, bent over and interrupted the lovely widow in the midst of her animated chat with the ladies from next door.

"Pardon me one minute, Mrs. Me-Lane," he said. "Some rather urgent dispatches came while you were sleeping, and this has just reached me. If you can spare a moment to glance over them I will have the answers sent, Suppose we step inside."

It was wonderful with what sudden ness gladness and gayety would vanish from her eyes, leaving there only a hunted, haggard look; so, too, in the lines about the sensitive mouth; yet the soft, creamy tint of the fair skin remained unchanged, as did the gentle color. Mutely she arose and followed him, and, the parlor being in the shade and too near the party on the porch, he led on to the bright dining-room whose windows commanded a view of the sunshiny mesa. There he turned.

"Mr. Parry wires me that he had expected you in Denver three days ago, and that your affairs demand that you should go thither the moment the road is open-which will be to-morrow. He says he has vainly tried to get an answer to his letters to you, and that no reply came to his dispatches. Can I be of any service, Mrs. McLane? This seems most urgent, and, pardon me. I believe it my duty to point out to you that your friends are rendered powerby your own neglect to act

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this -litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?



Is that why Mr. Parry has been urging him all day to come up to Cimarron?" nas been wiring fo -Randy?" she faltered, her eyes big with some new dread. "Did he go? Has he gone?"

"He couldn't go, Mrs. McLane. He was sent in pursuit of Mexican ruffians last night, and was shot and severely wounded in the fight this morning. Look! They're bringing him in now." And for the second time within the week Fanny McLane went senseless in a second, a limp and nerveless heap upon the floor. They had to carry her to her room, and Grafton was the burden bearer; and then, having laid her upon her bed, and while the women were bustling about with the usual restoratives, he stopped one moment before her profusely littered tollet table. A little case, half hidden among the mess, unerringly caught his eye. He took it, touched the spring, gardingly glance at the dainty, delicate instruments and phials inside, and restruments and phials inside, and restruments. "I placed it, with the quiet remark:

# CHAPTER XIV.

But Grafton had graver work ahead. and it was close at hand. Punctilious oldier that he was, he would leave no loophole for the possible criticism of a superior. Hurriedly writing a few lines to Col. Buxton notifying him that the wagon bringing Merriam was now close to the garrison, and that, as arranged between them, he would meet it at the gate, he sent the note by his servant and hastened up the row to the angle formed by the south and west fronts, where an opening had been left in the fence for the convenience of riding parties; and it was through this gap that poor Randy was presently trundled and then down along the line to his own doorway. By this time the pain in his strained and stiffened leg was intense. while the arm, hurriedly but skillfully dressed when far afield, was troubling him but little. His one thought all the way had been for Florence. He had insisted on scribbling her a little note be-fore they reached the Santa Clara, just to tell he was all right; that there pingly forth, bestowing a white hand on the red-striped Minturn, who was prompt to seize it, and smiles and nods and chirrups upon everybody. The men who had risen and doffed their caps did to Mrs. Merriam, and the trooper had

not retake their seats, for a trumpeter duly handed it in at the door, where Hop Ling received it with his customary grin, and stowed it away on the mantel in the now deserted parlor where notes and cards had generally been displayed for the eyes of the young mistress.

And now as they neared the familiar spot, poor Randy would sit up. It would never do to come before her eyes prostrated as though sorely hurt. Anything to spare her needless shock or worry. He even essayed a semi-jocular "how are you, old man?" as he caught sight of Grafton, and tried a smile and a wave of his hand to the ladies who appeared on the southernmost porch of the infantry lines.

"Why, you look as though you'd had worse tussle than I, captain," laughed painfully, as he held out his hand. "How is Florence? It hasn't frightened her much, has it? I hope Mrs. Hayne's been with her."

"She's been a good deal troubled, of course," answered Grafton, gravely, but-but Mrs. Hayne is-bringing her round all right, I think. How are you, old man? You did have a ride!"

But now Randy was peering out along the row-their own row. Women were to be seen here and there along the verandas, gazing sympathetically toward the slowly moving party, but no feminine form was visible on the piazza of his little home.

"Better lie back, Mr. Merriam," urged the doctor. "Try to make him do so," he murmured to Grafton. "We've got to get him quiet in his room before we let him know anything." Already the anxious young physician had been told that Mrs. Merriam was probably 50 miles away, and his soul was wrung at the thought of what that would mean to his patient.

"Yes, lie down, Randy, till we get you indoors," urged Grafton. "We've had to put up a game on Mrs. Randy-(God forgive me the lie," he prayed). "Knowing how anxious you were and we were lest she should be shocked, we-kept her away. Mrs. Hayne and Dr. Gould are looking out for her. She's not to be allowed to come near you till we get you safe and sound and bathed and all fixed up in bed. Of course we know now, Randy—we didn't before, but Mrs. Hayne had to tell my wife how careful we have to be of her—now, and really, old boy, she oughtn't to see you till you're washed and dressed. You look tough, Randy."

And though the face he longed to see as they bore him up the steps was miles and miles away, Merriam stifled his own disappointment and bravely thanked them. "God bless you and Mrs. Grafton! That was indeed thoughtful of you, old boy," he gasped, for pain was wrenching him, and he gave a long, long sigh of relief when at last he was lifted from the stretcher to a bed in the spare-

room. But that sigh was a faint whisper as compared with the long, long breath that Grafton drew, as he sat him down in the adjoining room and mopped his streaming forehead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# A LAWYER'S ZEAL.

Regretted His Client Had Not Been Struck by a Trolley Car.

A Brooklyn man who had the mis fortune to break his arm by tripping over a curbstone and falling upon the limb, consulted a leading lawyer of that borough to see if he could not recover damages from the city for the accident. The lawyer heard the detalls, and then said:

"I do not think there is any law by which a man could recover damages for not lifting his foot high enough. In a recent case a contractor had lifted a flagstone on the sidewalk and turned it over, leaving a hole where it had been originally, and a double thickness of stone where it rested

"A woman came along, stepped in the hole, fell, and broke her leg. She sued the contractor and received a verdict of \$1,000 damages, but he appealed, and the appellate court reversed the verdict on the ground that she should have looked where she was stepping."

The client said that he thought the curbstone was too high, but the lawver replied that he did not know of any law that regulated the height of a curbstone. Then the man of law got

warmed up to the subject and said:
"Now, if you had only been hit by a trolley car, we could have got a good verdict against the company. I have just recovered a verdict for a woman who had both legs broken by being run over by a trolley car. It is a pity that you were not hurt that way."

Then as he bowed his astonished client out of the office, he said: "Now, remember, next time you get

hit by a trolley car."-N. Y. Times. He Did Not See Them.

A story is told of a certain politician whose education was somewhat defective, and who, in particular, was not a 'born speller." He became prominent, and his correspondence, therefore, took on a certain importance.

One day a particular friend came to him and said: "Look here, William; you must have a secretary write your letters, and never undertake to write any yourself." Why?" asked the public man.

"Because people are laughing at your letters, and they will do you harm." "Why do they laugh at them?" in stonishment.

"Because you make so many mistakes in spelling."
"Mistakes in spelling?" exclaimed the great man, "nonsense! I read my let-

ers all over after I write them, and I never find a misspelled word!" He had not yet learned that, although o a certain extent a man may safely be "a law unto himself," no one can be a dictionary unto himself .- Youth's Com-

A Game for Two. "Your neighbors have been talking

"That's all right; they can't equal the things that I have been saying about them."-Brooklyn Life. His Motto.

A New York merchant recently adver-tised for an office boy. The first lad that went to try for the position was asked what his motto in life was.

"The same as yours, sir," answered the

lad. "How do you know my motto?" asked the

manager.
"It tells you on the door, sir; it says
push!" The boy was employed at once.—Cincin-nati Enquirer.

A Double Crop of Apples

On a Long Island farm is an apple tree which bore two crops of fruit the past year, and the farmers are taking unusual interest in this peculiarity of nature. Just as much interest has been shown in Hostetter's Stomack Bitters, which has the peculiarity of curing dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and blood disorders that other remedies fail to benefit. In chronic cases & rarely fails, and it cures whenever a cure is possible.

Feminine Sisterliness "What made you lose your place in the

"Because I wasn't going to be kissed by the lieutenant right after he had smacked that odious, peppermint chewing Bagley girl!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How's Thist

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists, Testimonials free.

free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

One of Many.

Mrs. Weeks—What business is your husband engaged in?
Mrs. Meeks—He operates in stocks.
"Is he a "bull' or a 'bear?"
"Both. He's a bull at the stack exchange and a bear at home."—Chicago Evening News.

A Dainty Gift.

Dr. P. Harold Hayes, the well-known specialist in Asthma and Hay Fever, whose success in curing these diseases has been so remarkable as to attract the attention of physicians all over the world, has issued a dainty Calendar for 1829 which he is sending to his many patients. Any sufferer from either of these diseases can obtain a copy free by writing to Dr. Hayes for it, provided this paper is mentioned.

Dix—I once knew a young man who smoked 50 cigarettes daily without any particular harm resulting therefrom.

Hix—Is it possible?

"Yes; and the only noticeable effect was the death of the smoker."—Chicago Evening News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

New Form of an Old Question.—"So you wish to marry my daughter?" "Yes, sir." "Well, can you support her in that condition of idleness to which she has always been accustomed?"—Chicago Daily Record.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's ons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy pecialists in the world. Read their adverspecialists in the world. Read their adve-tisement in another column of this paper.

Never be at your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.—Town and Country Journal. We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs. — Jennie Pinckard, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894.

"I always want introductions to long-haired men." "Why?" "I like to discover what subjects they are foolish on."—Chi-cago Daily Record.

Pleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horekound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

There is, after all, no man so ornery as the one who marries his landlady to avoid pay-ing his board bill.—Atchison Globe.

A captured ostrich always means a feather

### THEY WANT TO TELL

These Grateful Women Who Have Been Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

Women who have suffered severely and been relieved of their ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medici constantly urging publication of their statements for the benefit of other women. Here are two such letters:

Mrs. LIZZIE BEVERLY, 258 Merrim St., Lowell, Mass., writes:
"It affords me great pleasure to tell
all suffering women of the benefit I have
received from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what she has done for me. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I was under the doctor's care. Upon examina-tion he found fifteen very large ulcers, but he failed to do me good. I took sev-eralbottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am cured. Mrs. Pinkham's

medicine saved my life, and I would

recommend it to all suffering women

Mrs. Amos TROMBLEAY, Ellenburgh Ctr., N. Y., writes: "I took cold at the time my baby was born, causing me to have milk legs, and was sick in bed for eight weeks. Doctors did me no good, I surely thought I would die. I was also troubled with falling of the womb. I could not eat, had faint spells as often as ten times a day. One day a lady came to see me and told me of the benefit she had derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and ad vised me to try it. I did so, and had taken only half a bottle before I was able to sit in a chair. After taking three bottles I could do my own work. I am now in perfect health."

Mrs. Fatpurse—You paint pictures to order, don't you?

Great Artist—Yes, madam.

"Well, I want a landscape with lots of deer and bucks, and quail, and partriliges, and pheasants, and cattle, and sheep, and pigs, and so on, you know; and put a lake and an ocean in—fresh and salt water, you know; and be sure to have plenty of fish swimming around, because it's for the dinteg room."—Boston Globe.

When True Love Quits.

If the engagement lasts long enough, the girl grows carcless and makes her appearance before her steady in her kitchen clothes, and with her hair uncombed. Then Love, in the man's heart, folds its tired hands on its breast and breathes its last.—Atchison Globe.

Truly Loved.

Mrs. Adsley—My husband is very good to me. He always accompanies me to church on Sundays.

Mrs. Darling—That's nothing. My husband looks under the bed at my request every night.—Chicago Evening News.

Small Realization.

"Of all my expectations in life," said the somber-visaged man, "I have realized only one; and that was the expectation that I should fail to realize the others."—N. Y.

He Knew Not All. He—You think you know it all, don't you? Him—No; I have never been able to figure out any reason for you being alive.—Indian-apolis Journal.

> PEACE PAIN

We have peace, and those who are sorely afflicted with NEURALGIA

will have peace from pain and a perfect cure by using ST. JACOBS OIL.

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